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THE
Stage-Mutineers:

OR, A
PLAY-HOUSE
To be LETT.

A Tragi-Comi-Farcical-Ballad

O P E R A,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

By a GENTLEMAN late of *Trinity-College*,
CAMBRIDGE.

Bella! — Horrida Bella! VIRG.

L O N D O N,

Printed for RICHARD WELLINGTON, at the
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Where may be had,

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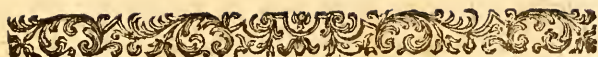
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1733



PROLOGUE.

BRITONS, attend! — Inspir'd the Poet
sings
The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings :
Empires by too much Policy o'erthrown,
And Kings expell'd from Kingdoms — not
their own.

He sings no Fable, but Domestick Fars,
Heroic Dudgeons, and Theatric Wars :
Wars without Armies, Battles without Blood,
For Seas of PASTEBOARD, and for Realms of
Wood.

Our Bard would fain some Novelty pursue ;
And hopes this Theme will please, because 'tis
New.

Long to your Sight the Stage has partial shown
Some Fools of all Professions — but their own ;
Long has she laugh'd at Follies of the Age —
Laugh, in your Turn, at Follies of the Stage :
And lest our Drama, Sirs, should seem too
mean,
We bring, to dignify the humble Scene,
A Ranting Hero and a Green Room Queen.

*As to the Piece, our Bard says it may be
A Tragic Tale, Op'ra, or Comedy.
In short, it has what may to all belong,
Verse Fustian, Humble Prose, and Humbler
Song.
Lest one dull, tedious Style your Tastes should
pall,
By various Styles he hopes to please you all.
As to please All, to All he yields his Cause;
Let each, to what may please him, give Ap-
plause.*





EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Miss ROGERS.

To the **P**ROMPTER. *P*RAY bid the Author give him-
self no Airs —

*Because the Thing has satyriz'd the Play'rs,
He'd frighten me, whether I wou'd or not,
To tag his Tragic Farce with — Lard knows
what !*

*As if the Self-opinionated Creature
Had Pow'r enough to hurt me by his Satire.
They told him in the Green Room not to clog
A Tale too dull, with duller Epilogue :*

*(Prompter entering) Which if you lose, the
Farce, Miss, damn'd may be !*

*And if it should, Good Sir ? — What's that
to me ?*

*Begon : — Your Business lies behind the
Scene —* [Exit. Prompt.

*I wonder what our Bard would say or mean —
I've lost what in his Epilogue he said ;*

And who can keep a Medley in their Head ?

*He told — At Fairs how Statesmen give their
Cheer,*

And Patriots bluster with Election-Beer :

How

*How am'rous Beau forsakes his London God-
dess,
To clasp some Rural Nymph in Leathern Bo-
dice :
Talk'd of strange Things might make all Eng-
land jar —
An Op'ra Quarrel, — and a Play-House War.
Somewhat he to the Criticks did submit —
But I'll address the Learned of the Pit.*

*On us, the Actors, Sirs, your Censure spare ;
Nor with the guilty Author crush the Play'r :
Spare us — But if resolv'd to damn the Wight,
Pray come and damn him, Sirs, on his own
Night.*







Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

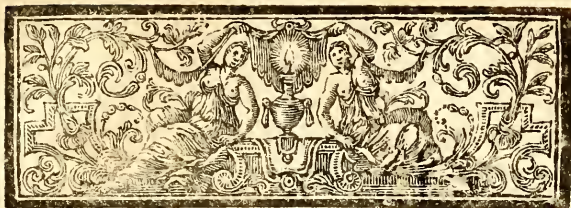
<i>First</i> Manager,	} By {	Mr. <i>Hale</i> .
<i>Second</i> Manager,		Mr. <i>Gyles</i> .
Pistol,		Mr. <i>Aston</i> .
Crambo ; <i>an Author</i> ,		Mr. <i>Cole</i> .
Truncheon,		Mr. <i>Mullart</i> .
Comic,		Mr. <i>Jones</i> .
<i>First</i> Player.		
Prompter.		
Wardrobe-Keeper.		
House-Keeper.		
<i>Monsieur Coupée</i> .		

W O M E N.

<i>Madam</i> Haughty,	} By {	Mrs. <i>Cantrel</i> .
<i>Mrs.</i> Squeamish,		Mrs. <i>Stevens</i> .
<i>Miss</i> Crotchet,		<i>Miss</i> <i>Norfa</i> .
<i>Miss</i> Lovemode,		<i>Miss</i> <i>Rogers</i> .

Players, &c.


T H E



THE STAGE-MUTINEERS, &c.

SCENE I.

Enter Player and Prompter meeting.

1 Player. OOD Morrow, Mr. *Prompter*; what, are we not to have the Grand Rehearsal this Morning?

Prompt. Grand indeed, for Mr. *Crambo* the Author, has persuaded the Managers to Order the Actors to be in their proper Habits — But I believe we shall not Rehearse this Morning, for all our Princes, Kings, Emperors and Ministers of State, are so busy in forming Plots of their own behind the Scenes, that they regard not the Poetical ones upon the Stage.

B

Player.

Player. I have heard indeed of some Revolutions talk'd of in our Theatrical Realm, but if our modern *Machiavels* lay no better Plots than our modern Poets ——

Prompt. Ha—Ha—Ha—Can they want Policy, who are continually learning by the most refined Cunning of the Drama.

Player. But our very cunning Rogues in the Drama you know, Mr. *Prompter*, are not generally so happy in the Catastrophe.

Prompt. Well; I care not, I act only the Part of a little Courtier, look on and see the whole Game, then join in with the winning Side.

Mad Robin.

*Small Courtiers, like small Gamesters, see
How different Sides with Rage contend;
But what Right or Wrong may be
Nor censure nor commend:
Silent they show but little Care
Who's out of Play or in;
But when the Game is up, they sneer
And close with them that win.*

Player. Tho' you, Mr. *Prompter*, by Virtue of your Office conceal your self behind the Scene, yet you are always assistant to them on the Stage. Therefore I doubt not but you are acquainted with their Design——
Prithee, what is it?

Prompt. Why, the Design of all your great Heroes and Potentates — That of your *Sylla's*, your *Marius's*, your *Cæsar's* and your *Cato's* — Liberty, and Interest, *Tom.*

Player. Faith, and a very good one. That is, we see the Principal of all your real *Great Men* on the *Grand Theatre* of the World; why not then of our *Little great Men* on this *Mimic Stage* of Life?

Prompt. You seem willing enough to join with them; have the grand Rulers then of this little Empire given you Reason to revolt?

Player. Reason, my Dear, Reason? — All your great Men and wise Politicians think Interest is Reason enough to change their Principles at any Time.

Prompt. Faith, Sir, your Observation is very true.

Peggy's Mill.

*Learned Lawyers we find
Will vary their Mind,
Just as they take Fee, or change Client,
And Patriots warm,
As Int'rest may charm,
By golden Reasons grow pliant.*

*Of the Law if the Sage
 And Prop of the Age,
 By their Actions for Interest plead, Sir,
 Who then would refuse
 Those Maxims to chuse,
 Where Law and Policy lead, Sir?*

Player. But here comes a Lady, who loves to have Reason on her Side, and who would lay as pretty a Colour o'er her Actions as her Face, how bad soever either might be under the Masque.

Prompt. What, Madam *Squeamish*, who is always complaining of being us'd ill — She is in a Pet about something now.

Enter Squeamish with her Part in her Hand.

Squea. Whata Life is this? — well — as I hope to breath, a Player now is no better than a Pamphlet Hawker, the Mechanick Retailer of poetical Dullness — Lard, Mr. *Prompter*, was there ever such Managers, such a Part and such a Poet — Well — I will not play it, that's poss.

Prompt. Pray, Madam, what Fault do you find with it?

Squea. Fault? — Lard it is all over Faults — Such Enormities, such Language, and such — such — I don't know what — that I positively will not play it.

Player.

Player. What will you do then, Madam? there is no one perfect in the Part but your self.

Squea. Do? Do?—There is a Question?—Why, what would you have me do? Have some one read it, to be sure — For the Part is so naughty filthy a Part—

Player. There is no Bawdry in it, I suppose, Madam.

Squea. Lard, how you talk, Mr. What d'ye call 'em—No—But one should not appear in it much better than—One should be.

Prompt. I have known you, Madam, play a Part not much different, as to its real Character—What else is your *Cleopatra*, *Roxana*, or *Jane-Shore*?

Squea. Ay, but they were Characters in high Life; and one wou'd appear in a Character in high Life, which one wou'd not care to do in low.

Player. Just so it is in the World; People seem to think the Greatness of their Character will conceal their private Blemishes.

Squea. People who are great have not their Blemishes appear so odious.—

Squea. In short, I love a high Life Character, Mr. *Prompter*, so well, that I positively will not play this.

Prompt.

Prompt. Well, Madam, the Author and Managers are in the green Room, we must acquaint them then with your Resolution.

Squea. Pray do.—

[*Exeunt Prompter and Player.*]

Enter Mrs. Haughty and Miss Lovemode.

Haugh. *Squeamish*, my Dear, good Morrow.

Squea. My dear *Haughty*, I am yours, —
Miss Lovemode, your Servant—Lard *Haughty*, I have been in such a Flurry that I can scarce recover my self.

Haugh. What's the Matter, Child?

Squea. Never was such a Part as mine, so exquisitely dull. —

Haugh. You join, I see, in the general Complaint, for mine is so exquisitely low. —

Miss Lovem. And my Character so ill dress'd—I shou'd be asham'd to appear in it.

Haugh. Well, I shou'd pity the poor Wretch of an Author, was he not so confident a Creature.

Squea. That's no Wonder; Confidence is an inherent Quality in a Poet, it's as much born with him as his Itch of Scribbling.

Lovem. But this was so self-opinionated a Thing, that tho' Mr. *Pistol* would have alter'd his Plan, and his Plot, he would not have a Line vary'd.

Haugh. And as it now stands, Mr. *Pistol* says 'twill be certainly damn'd; therefore I
assure

assure the Poet, I'll not be his'd off the Stage for his Obstinacy.

Squea. Nor I neither.— But here he comes with the Managers.

Enter Mr. Crambo and two Managers.

Cram. Ifaith we have nothing to fear, Gentlemen ; the Parts are excellently cast and properly dress'd, and now, ye critical Rogues of the Pit, I defie ye—— Are ye ready, Ladies.

Squea. Lard, Sir, you have given me such a Part.——

Cramb. A deal of Spirit and Vivacity in it ; I knew it wou'd please you, Madam, for Igad I wrote it on purpose for you.

Squea. Wrote it for me, Sir ! Lard, I never play'd in such a Character since Days of my Breath : —— I never play but in high Life —— therefore positively cannot play it.

1 *Man.* What do you mean, Madam ? Not play it, you must play it.

2 *Man.* By our Articles we can make you play it.

Squea. Insupportable ! Make me Sir ? —— I'm ill Sir, I'm indispos'd, and not able Sir, and, and, now I hope you are answer'd.

[Exit in a Passion.]

1 *Man.* Very pretty Airs.

2 *Man.* But which will she be indulg'd in, because she thinks she is of some Consequence, as she has been lately indulg'd by the Town

Cram.

Cram. Are you ready, Madam *Haughty*?—
your Part has an infinite deal of Humour, all
the Quintessence of the *French* join'd to the
Smartness of the *English* Ballad.

Haugh. — Humour and Ballad?
Dull Things to please the gaping ign'rant Mob,
Give me in Accents strong the sounding Verse
To move the Passions, or to fire the Heart:
—* O Gods!—Why gave ye me a tragic Soul,
If I'm debas'd to vile Plebeian Farce?
Why gave ye me Desires to imitate
The Fierce *Roxana*, or *Statira's* Rage,
If all that Rage must dwindle to a Song?

[Weeps.]

1 *Man.* Good heroick, Madam, you would
do well to save a little of that Rant and some
of those Tears for our next new Tragedy.

Haugh. Shall I, who've bore the Trappings
of a Queen,
And all the Pomp of State—shall I, who have
By Heroes been ador'd, for whom
An *Antony* or *Hannibal* have dy'd,
Be now debas'd to Farce?—No, Sirs, I cannot,
I wo't not play it.

[Exit]

1 *Man.* A Tragedy Rant, 'twill be over pre-
sently.

2 *Man.* You have no Objection, I hope,
Miss *Lovemode*.

* O Gods! Why gave ye me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay?
Why gave ye me Desires of such Extent, &c.

DRYDEN'S *Sebastian*.

Lovem.

Lovem. I hope, Sir, I am not to appear in these Cloaths—they have been out o' Fashion this Week, and I wou'd no more appear in an old Fashion Gown on the Stage than I wou'd off it.

2 *Man.* Pray, Miss, reconcile your self to your Dress, for you'll have no other.

Lovemode. Then I cannot play—Mr. *Pistol* said I should have others, and as you'll not consent, I'll go tell Mr. *Pistol* this Moment. [Exit.]

1 *Man.* This is *Pistol's* Work, who has ipirited them up to this Contumacy.

Cramb. I gad Gentlemen, I don't know who's Work it is, but this I know, that I have made a very fine Work on't:—Here have I been these eight Months reading over all the Criticks of the Stage, from *Aristotle*, to *Dennis*, Translating, Transcribing, Transversing, Transposing, Plotting Counterplotting; and when I had finish'd my Piece, which wou'd have been a Tragedy of Tragedies, and an Opera of Opera's, and a Comedy of Comedies, all in one. For the Caprice here of your Heroic and high lif'd Ladies, my Play will be lost.

Pistol within. We wo't play it; by *Stygian Pluto's* fiery Flood of *Phlegethon*, we wo't play it.

1 *Man.* There is *Pistol* in Heroicks, we shall now have Disturbance enough.

Cramb. “ *And dwell such daring Souls in little Men*” !

2 *Man.* Have a care *Mr. Crambo*, he is very cholerick, and here he is just upon you.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. The Actors, Sirs, wo’not Play this Piece.

Cramb. Nay, then the Town will lose one of the most entertaining, most Novelle Pieces, that was ever brought on the Stage.

Pist. The most Novelle: *Pistol* swears by these Hilts the most absurd — *Why dost thou shake thy grisly Locks at me?* Thou canst not say ’tis false: For by *Cocytus* or *Lethean* Pool, by the black Streams of the *Acherontick* Flood, and *Styx’s* Lake, I will affirm it Truth.

2 *Man.* Peace, noble *Pistol*, fly not in a Passion.

Pist. Bid not the Welkin roar. Bid pamper’d Jades of *Asia*, turn bold trusty *Trojan* Greeks. Bid *Roman Cannibal*, that fell King *Cerberus* and Queen *Alecto*, to forget their Rage. Becalm *Orestes* or *Othello’s* Ire — As well do these, as bid me not affirm, ’tis dull unmeaning Nonsense, and we’ll not play it.

Cramb. Nonsense, Nonsense, my Dear — Then let me perish, if for Time, Place, Action

on and all, it is not one of the most perfect Pieces that ever appear'd.

Pist. Sir, it is false, false as your far fetch'd Similes. Can he who treads the Stage be ignorant of its Laws—Shall Dunghil Bards confront with *Helicons*?—I've wrote my self, Sir, and full well I know, to tragedize a Scene, epitomize a Song—No, Sir, your Solœcisms are too frequent, your Prolepsies too bold, your Metaphors too rack'd, and your Catastrophe——

Cramb. Say any Thing against my Catastrophe if you can.

Pist. Unjust repugnant to Theatric Laws—

Cramb. My Catastrophe unjust, nay then base Recreant thou liest.

Pist. A Lie, *Pistol*, a Lie —— (*Draws*).

1 Man. Pray, Mr. *Crambo*, retire to the Coffee-House a little, or we shall have a Tragedy here indeed.

Cramb. Whose Castrophe may be a little more unhappy than mine in the Play, therefore, I shall retire. [*Exit.*]

Pist. [*After a small Pause*]

A Lie, *Pistol*, A Lie? No, when I suffer that, bear such Affront against my injur'd Honour, Be my Head laid in Fury's loathsome Lap, Be all my Glory turn'd to indign Uses.

My Sword——

Brighter than which, ne'er rode upon a Thigh,

Form'd into Knives for base *Plebeian* Cooks;

* “ *And Housewives make a Skellet of my Helm.*

1 *Man.* Come come, *Pistol*, lay aside the Buskin, and a Word or two in downright humble Prose: This Theatrical Empire is ours. Therefore you and the rest of your Brother Heroes, must submit to the Laws which we in our Wisdom shall think proper to ordain: We prohibit, therefore, all your *Cæsars* and *Cleopatra*'s to be in their Heroicks at any Time, but at Rehearsal, or before an Audience.

Pist. By *Tisiphon*, *Megara* and *Alecto*,
The Nights black Saunters, Grim-fac'd Furies sad.

2 *Man.* Swear not, good *Pistol*, swear not; for it is to extend to all Gods, Demigods and Goddeses; All Dæmons, Devils and infernal Queens, under whatever Name dignified or distinguished: And whoever shall incur our future Displeasure, whether Heroe or Godhead, shall be immediately expell'd these Territories.

Farewell — [Exeunt Managers]

Pist. Rouze up, Revenge, rouze up from
Ebon Den,

For *Pistol*'s Power is lost — Ha —

What? wou'd ye reign alone, — What, base
Traitors,

Shall I my Share of Empire then forego,
From yon bright Cloud, to the dark Realms
below;

* *Oibello.*

When

When I with equal Art, and Pow'r can bring
Devils to dance, and Goddeffes to sing?

Enter Comic.

Com. Excellently Spoke ifaith, and with
a good Emphasis, my Hero.

Pist. Hah, *Comic*, I greet thee well.

Com. What news from the Enemy?

Pist. By all the immortal Gods ———

Com. Nay prithee, *Pistol*, to Business;
speak for once downright common Sense.

Pist. Then every Thing succeeds to our
Wish, our Brother Players are all ready for
a Revolt; we only want Miss *Prudley Crotchet*,
and *Hero Truncheon*.

Com. *Truncheon*, Pox on him, does he stand
out still; I suppose he has been so long an
imaginary Man of Honour, that he thinks
he must be so now in Reality.

Pist. True, for he gives us the old Plea,
that of Conscience.

Com. But we must overrule that Plea;
it is as irregular in this Court of Judicature,
as those of *Westminster* — A conscientious
Player will no more thrive than a conscien-
tious Lawyer: 'Tis against the Policy of
both. The one must forego his Interest the
other his Fees.

Pist. But how can we gain him, *Comic*.

Com.

Com. By a Bait, scarce any of your conscientious Rogues can resist: A Woman, *Pistol*, there is an Intrigue between him and *Haughty*, and she may bring him over.

Pist. But that's too weak an Artifice for us to succeed with.

Com. Not at all, your wise Politicians always make use of a Woman to carry on their Designs. Nor do any Schemes succeed better than those which are mixed with Love.

The Play of Love.

*Tho' Politicks are but ill laid,
Wisely call in a Woman's Aid;
Her Charms will sure the Scheme improve,
Which Soldiers, Priests, and Statesmen move,
All, all will yield to pow'rfull Love.*

*If Women once their Suit impart,
Men lose their Policy and Art;
When Love sits sparkling in the Eye,
When Passion glows, and Pulse beats high,
Who——Who can then the Fair deny?*

Pist. Supposing this shou'd take with *Truncheon*, how shou'd we bring over *Miss Crotch-et*?

Com. To gain a Woman, you must foil her at her own Weapon; and Love which she uses to draw in the Men may be as successfully us'd
against

against her self——We might be sure of her, *Pistol*, was you vers'd in Intrigues.

Pist. What not vers'd in Intrigues? Ha, Ha, Ha. Did you think I cou'd have any Title to Wit, Vivacity, and all that, without being conversant in Amours?—We Men of Wit and Vivacity are always Men of Intrigue: One is the natural Consequence of the other.

State and Ambition.

*An Amour is first sought by a Fellow of Spirit,
To toy a dull Hour, and his Wit to improve:
So poignant his Wit, so great is his Merit,
Each Woman who sees him, or hears him must
Love.*

*Soon he singles some fair for the amorous Chace,
And if to his Vows the fond Maid shou'd submit,
Then flush'd with Success he seeks out a new Face,
And commences at once both a Rake and a
Wit.*

Com. If you have such Accomplishments, we need not fear Miss *Crotchet*.

Pist. Why I gad to confess ingenuously, *Comic*, there is a small Love Affair between us already.

Com. Do you improve that, and she'll certainly join with your Interest; and here she comes happily for your Design, I'll begon and engage Madam *Haughty* to secure *Truncheon*.

[Exit.
Enter.]

Enter Miss Crotchet, trips over the Stage.

Pist. (*Catching her*) Hah, my Dear little Rogue, where are you flying in as much Hurry as a Love-sick Girl who has outstaid her Appointment?

Crotch. Any where from the confus'd miscellaneous Noise of the Green Room, where stern *Cato* is pouring out Oaths, and *Roxana* Scraps of Tragedy; where contending Gods are turn'd Bullies, and rival Goddesses into Scolds; where *Cæsar* is disputing with Capt. *Mackbeath*, and *Cleopatra* with *Jenny Diver*.

Pist. And you wisely leave the Ambitious and the Great to contend for Empire, and flieest like a *Cleopatra* to her *Antony*: — By all the Flames of Love —

Crotch. Flames of Love, Lard, Mr. *Pistol*, I wonder what's come to you of late you do so talk of Flames, Fires, Darts, Cupids, and such Nonsense, that really you grow intolerable.

Pist. By all your Heav'nly Charms —

Crotch. Ay, ay, run thro' 'em all, Charms, Eyes, Stars, Beauty, Heaven, Goddesses, Angels, — Pray let me have no more of your common-place Compliments, which you occasionally use to every Wench you Address. — You frantic Lovers, like frantic Poets, form Deities, which you can destroy again at Pleasure.

There

There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.

*The amorous Spark talks of Flames, Darts, and
Fires,*

*Swears the Nymph is divine, till with Love she
expires:*

*But ah! shou'd she believe, to the Flattery blind,
Too late, when deceiv'd, that she's mortal, will
find.*

*So fervent's the Swain, his Devotion is
paid*

*To the Pow'r of the Goddess, his Passion had
made:*

*But the Worship will cease when the Pleasure
is o'er,*

Then Woman she proves, tho' an Angel before.

Crotch. Pray, Mr. Pistol, mention the Subject
of Love no more to me; for I have an Aver-
sion to your Sex — tho' I think the Creature
more agreeable every time he addresses me—
[*Aside.*

Pist. An Aversion to our Sex, nay, then
you are a downright Prude, and that is the
most inconsistent Character in Life, Child.

Alexis shun'd his Fellow Swains

A Prude, my Dear,'s a formal Elf,

Who to cheat Men will cheat her self,

And wretched grows by her own Art:

D

Tho'

*Tho' secret Flames of Love she feeds,
Vain with the Saint, kind Nature pleads,
Her Tongue belies her Heart.*

*This coy, fantastic, silly Train,
With Pride severe, with Virtue vain;
Meet from Mankind a proper Fate:
Thoughtless when young, those Charms they fly,
Which they, when old, more wise would try;—
But wise, alas! too late.*

Prud. You use such strange Reasons, and have so enchanting a Way with you, that it is dangerous to trust my self any longer with you — Adieu. (*Going.*)

Pist. Nay, Miss, you shall not go. (*Holds her.*)

Prud. But positively I will.

[*Breaks from him, and Exit.*]

Pist. There let the stricken Dear go weep — the Hart ungall'd go play.

Enter Comic.

Com. No Heroicks; after her, after her,
Pistol. She flies only to be pursu'd; after her, and secure your Conquest.

Pist. By that Imp of Love, Cupid's Night, and Venus dainty Lip.

Com. Away, away, here come Madam Haughty and Truncheon, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter *Haughty* and *Truncheon*.

Trun. Enough, enough, my *Amazonian*,
my Female Patriot, who wildly talk'ft of Li-
berty and Freedom.

Haugh. Wildly I talk becaufe I am a
Woman,
But tho' a Woman I'm inspir'd with Liberty,
And in her Cause have boldly plac'd my
Standard,
Under which Banner, Sir, I hope you'll lift.

Trun. I have told you, Madam, I cannot
join your Party, as I think it is againft mine
Honour.

Haugh. My Lot is caft — I've pafs'd the
Rubicon, —
If therefore you'll not join us with your Aid,
I fhall no more esteem your Love sincere,
But bid you long Farewell — Farewell — for
ever. (going.)

Trun. Hold, fair Destruction, hold: Love
combats with me,
And melts each brave Refolvè to Tendernefs.

O'er the Hills and far away.

He who is by Female Beauty won
Ne'er can refift the fweet Syren's Charm,
Haugh. Ah, why fhould you wifh thofe Charms to
fhun,
Can there in Beauty or Love be harm?

Trun. *I'm wrack'd as Thought on Thought succeeds,*

Here Love of Fame and Honour pleads.

Haugh. *But here Love mixt with Interest charms,*

Follow then alone, where Love alarms.

Trun. Say then, where meet the Chiefs?

Haug. At Pistol's House, by this Time they're in Consultation.

Trun. Lead on——but Ha——This froward Thing call'd Honour,

Like Wayward Ghost still rises to my View.

O sacred Honour, who art bore aloft

By brazen Trump of Iron, winged Fame,

Shall I leave thee for Love?—O Contest dire!

Little Syren of the Stage.

Haugh. *Let not Honour's Title move,*

Hear the sweet Call of Love.

What is Honour but a Name,

Empty Glory, idle Fame.

Yield, ah yield, let Woman charm!

Honour calls, let Love disarm:

All the great and wise obey

Woman's pleasing gentle Sway.——

Sporting Cupid, amorous Boy,

All his panting Heart employ:

Let not Honour's Title move,

Yield, ah! yield to kinder Love.

[Ex.
Scene

Scene changes, and discovers the two Managers at a Table, Books lying by them.

1 *Man.* The God of Riches you find Brother is too hard for the God of Wit, and *Mammon* has got the better of *Apollo*. By help of sacred Gold we have, in Defiance of the nine draggle-tail'd Muses, got Possession of their Territories, and are now the Delegates of *Apollo* to sit in Judgment on the Sons of *Parnassus*.

2 *Man.* *Parnassus* it self is said to be but an unfertile Soil, I wish ours may prove otherwise.

1 *Man.* 'Tis barren at the bleaky Top, where the Mad Rogues themselves sit; but unless I'm mightily deceiv'd, there is a golden Harvest under the Shade of it.

2 *Man.* Let us consider of the poetical Productions which are to bring this golden Harvest. What have you there?

1 *Man.* Two Comi-Tragedies, four Tragi-Comedies, and six old Comedies farcify'd with Songs — What shall we pitch on?

2 *Man.* Zoons, I shou'd be for a fighting Tragedy; but the damn'd cowardly Rogues of Poets have no Notion of entertaining an Audience politely — I'll have a Tragedy wrote with a Battle in every Act — I'll show the Town some Sport. —

1 *Man.* Igad, and I'll write genteel Comedy — as we shall scarce have any of *Phæbus's*

bus's Sons write to please us; we'll write to please our selves.

2 *Man.* And the Town,

1 *Man.* Shall be pleas'd — that's resolv'd
Nem. Con. — now we'll resume the Consideration of the Actors. — These Kings of the Stage are but our Vassals, and we are to consider 'em in no other Light than as they are useful to us.

2 *Man.* But what, if instead of using the Force of Power, we had recourse to Policy, and pursued the same Maxims with good Breeding?

1 *Man.* That wou'd not answer our purpose.

2 *Man.* Much better — to use a Man ill with Complaisance often conceals the Crime, and still retains him your Friend; none consults their Interest more than your Courtiers, yet among them a well bred Man will injure you with a Bow, and refuse you with a Smile: Tho' you may accuse him of Injustice, you can never accuse him of ill Manners.

1 *Man.* You wou'd make, Brother, a very good Court Machiavel, but a very bad Stage Director: We are not here to act on the same Rules of Policy, as we have not so supple a Sort of Creatures to deal with — our savage Creatures will pay little Deference to a Bow or a Smile, not thinking it Favour but Familiarity; therefore let us lower their Stipends, and make 'em humble by making 'em poor.

2 *Man.*

2 *Man.* There I dissent again — They are ready to rebel : One Step more wou'd make 'em all Patriots ; Liberty and Property wou'd be the Word, and all the unthinking Fools wou'd join with them.

1 *Man.* You're too easy — Can we, by humouring their Caprices, divide *Cent. per Cent.*? — That's the Point — Consider that —

2 *Man.* Can you carry that Point by your Maxims ?

1 *Man.* I warrant you — Let us now step to the Office, and inspect the Accounts ; where you'll see the Necessity of reducing our Expences.

2 *Man.* I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Pistol's House.

Enter Pistol, Haughty, Squeamish, Lovemode, Coupée, Miss Crotchet, Comic, Truncheon, &c. range themselves on the Stage.

March in Scipio.

Pistol. *To Arms ! To Arms !*

Let Liberty inspire :

'Tis Int'rest that Charms ;

Your Breasts let In'trest fire !

How great is our Design :

See, see, what Scenes invite,

When Fame and Riches join ;

Pow'r, Crowns, and Realms excite ;

How

*How glorious the Toil
To Arms, and Fear and Despise;
For Fame, and for the Spoil;
For Freedom, and the Prize?*

Pist. Brethren, and Fellow-Patriots here
we are met,
Like daring Sons of *Britain*, freeborn Spirits,
To shake off Chains of Tyranny — Is it
resolv'd

That each in his Degree shall share in Em-
pire? —

How say ye All? —

Omnes. Resolv'd.

Pist. Whoe'er has ought to claim, now let
him speak,

Speak as he list; for I've no private View,
No greedy Lust of Gain, nor damn'd Ambition
Inspir'd by Liberty and Thirst of Fame.

Haugh. I will be nought but Empress or a
Queen.

Squea. And I will have a Liberty to super-
vise my Part, before I determine whether I'll
play it or not.

Lovem. You know, Mr. *Pistol*, what will
oblige me — To chuse my own Colours, and
my own Mantua-maker.

Crotch. And I will have a Liberty to be
hoarse whenever I think proper —

Pist. Monsieur *Coupée*, have you ought to
request?

Coupée.

Coupée. Begar, Monsieur *Pistole*, me vill have de Perle Color Stockins, vid Red'Eel Shoos, or me vill no Dance, dat is positively begar.

Comic. And humble *Jack Comic* only desires what you call the Tip-top Parts in Comedy.

Pist. It only now remains to force their Territories.

Comic. Can we, by Law, do that?

Pist. Justice and Law depend upon Success. *Truncheon* and I, with a strong chosen Band: We'll seize upon their Realms, and Laws of Arms entitle us to plunder.

Mercury. I am *Mercury*, Mr. *Pistol*, and Plenipo' for the Gods: How are they to be dispos'd on, should you enter on Action?

Pist. Let dancing Goddesses, and tuneful Gods,
Like those of old, mid trusty *Greeks* and
Trojans;

Sit still in Peace, and hear the Clang of Arms:
Let them, the Women, and the Invalids,
Quaff *Nectar* at the next adjoining House,
For Errant Knights an hospitable Castle:
For there, like us —

Grave Politicians and bold Patriots meet
To settle Empires, and solace their Cares.

Haugh. There will we, Sir, retire.

Pist. The Action o'er — we'll meet you at
Philippi —

Exeunt all but Truncheon and Pistol.

E

Pist.

Pist. Ha! Ha! Ha! How we great Men delude the unthinking Many!

Trunch. And by the same Arts as other Great Men. An easy Smile and a Fair Promise, from a Man of Consequence, have drawn many a one into Schemes not much for their Interest.

In the Fields in Frost and Snow.

*At his Levée view my Lord,
 Circled by his Creatures,
 Promising to each Reward,
 Varying all his Features;
 Smiling here,
 Grinning there;
 Here a Bow,
 There a Bow;
 To each he cringes low.
 But to whom he bends the Low'r,
 Sure's to be undone the more.*

Pist. Why, there is not one of 'em but thinks to have prodigious Power in our future Common-Wealth: But in our Common-Weal, as in all others, a few only will share the Power—I and you, *Truncheon*, and perhaps another—You know our Articles: You are to be General, and I am to be General over you.

Trunch. Over me? No, Sir, I'll be Governor in Chief.

Pist.

Pist. Under *Pistol* — No otherways, I assure you.

Trunch. What, have you play'd me foul? — Draw then, and do me Right.

Pist. The Devil take me if I do.

Trunch. Villains!

Pist. Ha! ha! ha! Shall we fall out for Toys? —

Trunch. Coward!

Pist. Nay, now you've touch'd my Honour, and I will draw: I could have bore any Reflection, but that on my Honour.

Lillabullero.

*The Man who in Point of his Honour is nice,
That Honour to guard will never neglect;
You safer by far may accuse him of Vice,
Than by the least Hint his Courage suspect:
His Morals blame,
Or brand his Fame,
He'll laugh at the Joke, and the Charge will deny:*

*But tho' he with Pride, Sir,
Will boldly deride, Sir,
The Name of a Rogue — For his Honour he'll die,*

Trunch. Pistol — We are in the wrong — We shou'd forget a private Quarrel in a publick Cause — We'll divide the Government equally.

Pist. Agreed — Now let us seize upon the Theatre.

Then crown'd with Conquest, arrogantly great,

Like *Cæsars*, rule the mimic World in State.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the Theatre.

Enter Two Managers and Wardrobe-Keeper.

1 *Man.* Here, Wardrobe-Keeper, bring the Book of Accounts with you — Now, Brother, you shall see how large our Expences are.

2 *Man.* Read the Articles.

W. Keeper. *Imprimis* — A Cloud and a half, with the three odd Waves.

1 *Man.* What Necessity could there be for them?

W. Keeper. O dear, Sirs, Clouds are the most useful Things ye can have; for they must always appear to an Audience, tho' the Scene lay in a Bed-chamber; and with the Addition of the three odd Waves, we had not Waves enough to make a Sea.

1 *Man.* You see the Expences, Brother; you see the Expences.

2 *Man.* Go to the Article of Dresses —

W. Keeper. A new Plume of the largest Size, with a Pair of Buskins higher than ordinary.

2 *Man.* Who was that for?

W. Keeper.

W. Keeper. Mr. *Pistol* — We were obliged to give him a little Assistance ; for, by the stated Rules of the Theatre, a Hero should be at least Five Foot Three Quarters.

1 *Man.* I can see no Reason why we shou'd be at a particular Expence to make Mr. *Pistol* a Hero.

2 *Man.* Then be it resolved, that Mr. *Pistol* be degraded.

W. Keeper. You might have spar'd that Resolution ; for he, with the best Part of the Company have left the House ; and, I have heard, are now in Combination.

Enter Player.

Player. Hoa ! What Hoa !
Treason, my Liege, there's Treason at our
Gates :

Pistol and *Truncheon*, in base League combin'd,
Join'd by a Rabble Rout, demand Admittance.

2 *Man.* This comes from your Policy —
But we'll show 'em Sport.

1 *Man.* ——— Call down our Pow'rs
Guard well the Entrance — Barricade the
Doors.

2 *Man.* Let loose the Dogs of War.

1 *Man.* ——— Thunder aloft — (*Thunders*)
So *Jove* besieged by the Rebel Train
With Thunder roar'd and all was still again.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes and discovers Haughty, Crotch, Squeamish, Comic and other Players at a Table, a Bowl of Punch before them.

Squea. Lard you seem melancholy Miss *Crotch.*

Crotch. You must pardon my Concern which arises from my Hope and Fear for Mr. *Pistol*'s Success.

Fanny Blooming Fair.

*No Bliss in Love's sincere,
We now by Hope are blest,
Now rack'd with anxious Fear,
Feel Tortures in our Breast.*

*Al! Cupid, partial Boy,
By thee what do we gain,
Who for a Moments Joy
Will give an Age of Pain.*

I Player. Come, Come, Madam, have no Fear about your Lover, nor you Ladies about the Enterprize ; I warrant Mr. *Pistol* succeeds.

Mrs. Squeam. But should he not.

Comic. Then for an Itinerant Company : You know that's our Resolution.

Mrs. Haugh.

Mrs. Haugh. I cannot help having some Concern about it.

3 *Player.* Come, Madam, drink and banish Care.

Comic. Who mentions that Word Care, when like Gods and Demi-Gods we are quaffing *Ambrosia*.

Make me a World, ye Power's divine.

1 *Play.* *While we thus o'er our Bowl agree
Who are more great or blest'd than we?
Let us secure all Joy we can,
Death e'er is near and Life ———
Death e'er is near, and Life's a Span.*

2 *Play.* *Tho' Life is short, and Death is nigh,
Death we'll not fear and Care defie:*

3 *Play.* *Circle the Bowl, drive Care away
Trust not to Morrow, Boys, &c.
Trust not to Morrow, live to Day.*

Comic. *Thus void of Care we'll happy rove
From Love to this, from this to Love.
[Holding out a Glass.]
This will the Cares of Life make few.
Gods shew a better Way, &c.
Gods shew a better, we'll pursue.*

Haugh. Now we shall know the Issue of Affairs, for here comes *Pistol* and *Truncheon*.

Enter

Enter Pistol and Truncheon.

Trun. Base recreant Cowards.

Pist. By *Mars* his bloody Sword, *Bellona's*
Shield,

By *Gorgon's* Head, and fearful-frowning *Nemesis*,

Cowards, base Cowards all!

Squeam. What, have ye not succeeded
Mr. Truncheon.

Trun. We march'd our Troops, but found
the Enemy had firmly barricadoed up the
Gates, nor cou'd we, Sirs, by all our Arts
provoke the dastard Spirits to the Fight.

Pist. What Men cou'd do we did; we
rang'd our Forces, form'd ev'ry *Phalanx*,
and harangu'd the Mob: — we went — we
saw — we bullied, — and returned.

Tamo Tanto.

Haugh. *Fickle Fortune,*
Treach'rous Goddess;
Thou can'st Joy or Pain create;
This Moment raising,
The next debasing,
To thee Kings must submit their Fate:
If e'er ranging,
Thus thour't changing,
Who is happy, who is great?

Haugh.

Haugh. O Majesty! What art thou but a Bubble?

Long-drawling Trains, Slaves, Pages, and my Guards,

Imperial Diadems, and Copper Crowns,
Just glitter'd to my Eyes, but end in nothing,
I cannot bear the Thought. [*Exit in a Passion.*

Coupée. What begar Monf. *Pistol* 'ave me lost den de Perle color Stakings, begar me vill no dance den dat is positeeve. [*Exit.*

Pist. Heroes and Heroines, what's to be done.

Comic. That which is done in all Bodies politick in a general Ruin; every Member bears his Loss and shifts for himself — as for us, we are resolv'd for an Itinerant Company, so farewell.

(*Exeunt. as Miss Crotchet goes out, Pistol takes hold of her.*)

Pist. And wilt thou leave me too?

Crotch. I cannot see how it can be for my Interest to stay.

Pist. Shall sordid Interest out-ballance Love?

Crotch. Why in Love should not Women act on the same Principle as the Men.

Mirleton.

*Men will often feign the Lover,
Harmless Maidens to deceive:*

*But when once the Pleasure's over,
They the sighing Maiden leave.*

With a Mirleton.

*If such Arts you Men will use, Sir,
With Self-Interest in your View,
Can of Folly you accuse her
Who pursues her Interest too?*

With a Mirleton.

Exit.

Pist. How wretched is my Fate in Love
and Empire,
Dethron'd from Empire, and despis'd in Love?
O Fate disastrous! * Now, for e'er farewell,
Rough-rumbling Verses and theatric Rage;
Farewel the plumed Crest and the big Buskin
That constitute the Hero — O farewell! —
Farewel the shrill-crak'd Trump, and slacken'd
Drum,
The gilded Truncheons and the clashing
Swords,
Pride, Pomp, Embellishments of peaceful
Warrs.
And, O ye Iron Bowls! whose massy Balls
The thundering *Jove's* great Clamours counter-
feit;
Farewel, — For *Pistol's* Occupation's gone.

[Exit.

* A Parody from *Shakespeare's Othello.*

Scene changes to the Play-House.

Enter two Managers.

2 *Man.* We have conquer'd indeed, but what have we gain'd — An Empire without Subjects: — I never much lik'd this poetical Region, where one succeeds in it, twenty are ruin'd.

1 *Man.* What, Brother, can we do? How shall we Act?

2 *Man.* Faith, I know no other way than to dispose of our Furniture and Cloaths, and then let the House.

1 *Man.* How far will that reimburse us?

2 *Man.* Considerably to be sure, Cloaths and Stock are valued at about a thousand Pounds. — Here Wardrobe-Keeper, and House-Keeper.

Enter Wardrobe-Keeper and House-Keeper.

1 *Man.* Mr. Wardrobe-Keeper, pray read the Catalogue of our Stock.

W. Keeper. Yes Sir, (*Reads*) A Tragedy Drum us'd in all the Wars of *Cæsar*, *Hannibal*, *Antony*, *Alexander the Great*, and *John of Gaunt* — *N. B.* it has a large Flaw in the Bottom — Things will be the worse for wear, Sir. —

1 *Man.* Read on, Sir, without any of your Annotations.

F 2

W. Keeper.

W. Keeper. A flying Horse never mounted by any but *Perseus*, wants only one Wing. —

W. Keeper. A little Tent-Bed never lain in but by *Desdemona* and *Nell Jobson*; — A Barrel of the best Lightning — And *Apollo's* crack'd Harp and wither'd Crown of Bays.

2 *Man.* Let that be laid aside for Mr. *Pistol* — He may claim that perhaps by hereditary Right.

W. Keeper. *Harry* the VIII's Scepter, and Dr. *Faustus's* conjuring Rod — with gilded Truncheons, Copper Crowns, *Bristol* Diadems, and other Ensigns of Royalty.

1 *Man.* Enough, enough: I can bear no longer. — Wardrobe-Keeper, do you dispose of those Things to the best Advantage.

And, House-Keeper, do you fix Bills upon every Door, and Advertise it in the Papers, that the Play-House is to be Let.

H. Keeper. But to whom may we Let it?

2 *Man.* To any Body — for its a damn'd barren Soil, in which nothing can thrive but what's of it's own Growth. — What the Devil had I to do with Play-Houses?

[Exit.
W. Keeper. There is Work enough left for us — I'll go and try if I can dispose of my Trinkums.

[Exit.
H. Keep. And I of my Play-House. (Going.)

Enter

Enter Crambo, in a Hurry.

Cramb. Mr. Whatd'yecall'em — Whatd'yecall'em — Mr. House-Keeper, where are the Managers?

H. Keeper. They are just gone Sir.

Cramb. Gone? Why will they not stay the Rehearsal of my Piece? — Where are the Actors, what are become of them?

H. Keeper. Most of 'em, I believe, are turn'd Knight Errants, Itinerant Kings, and distress'd Damsels; for we have had a Play here of our own, a Sort of a Tragi-comical Affair, which has not ended very happily on either side.

Cramb. It has ended very unhappily for the Town and me, for now I gad the Town will lose their Entertainment, and I my Benefit: — But good, Sirs, have ye no Players left?

H. Keeper. Here comes Mr. Chaunter; he can inform you better.

[*Exit.*

Enter Chaunter, and another Player.

Cramb. Your Servant, Mr. Chaunter — We have had a sad Catastrophe here Gentlemen, for I believe you are the only Players left in the House.

Chaunt. No, Sir, Mr. Pistol and the rest of them are just return'd to divest themselves of their Imperial Robes and Stage Pageantry, which

which are the Property of the Managers.

Cramb. Return'd? — Igad I'll to 'em then, and engage 'em to sing one of my Songs before they are out of their Habits and gone.

Play. To sing one of his Songs — What will that signify now the Company is broke up.

Chaun. O dear Sir, you know not what an Overfondness an Author has for his own Works — Mr. *Crambo*, (because perhaps no one else will;) often reads, or repeats his Play himself, sings his Songs himself, applauds them himself, nay and buys his own Works himself.

Play. But here he comes with *Pistol* and the rest.

Enter Crambo, Pistol, Truncheon, Comic, Haughty, Squeamish, Crotchet, &c.

Crambo. *Pistol*, my dear, let all Animosities cease — Gentlemen and Ladies I've engag'd ye all, because I love to see a well fill'd Stage, and as I've lost my Play, I hope you'll oblige me with my last Song, which I think is on your own Profession.

Pist. Sir, we will willingly obey.

Begging we will go.

Chaunt. *How well may Life be term'd a Play,
The World be call'd a Stage,*

On

*On which all having cast their Parts :
Turn Players of the Age :
And a Stroling they will go.*

- 2 Play. *On World, as on the Theatre,
'Tis hard for to excell ;*
3 Play. *Where there are twenty that act ill,
There's scarce one can act well.
Tho' a Stroling, &c.*

- Chaunt. *Few their own Characters expose
But follow common Rule :
Dull formal Blockheads great Men
play ;*
2 Play. *And great Men play the Fool :
Thus a Stroling, &c.*

- 3 Play. *Like Heroes, Politicians,
In Pomp their Part rehearse :
But shou'd you look behind the Scene,*
2 Play. *'Tis all but humble Farce.
Tho' a Stroling they, &c.*

- 3 Play. *Since then that we are Actors all,
On us your Censure spare ;
And in Indulgence to the Stage,
Support a Brother Play'r.
Or a Stroling we, &c.*

[Curtain

[Curtain falls half way down.]
Chaunt. *Hold, hold, the Audience I'll ha-
rangué
E'er that the Curtain fall,
This. [pointing to Crambo] rhyming
Sing-song Poet here
Perhaps has damn'd us all.
And a Stroling, &c.*

[To the Audience.]
*Unless this small Attempt to please
You with your Favour crown :
No feigned Play-House we shall let
But — e'en must let our own —
Then a Stroling we must go, &c.*

F I N I S.



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